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Union City, July 3 .-- Several years ago there was a split in the Christian church in this city over having in. work and stood there staring at it should have been, and a call has Elders G. D. Smith, C. L. Andrews mean, Billy?" he said to Willard, and W. S. Long for a meeting, to be held July 7, to re-organize the held July 7, to re-organize the a signal, a musical note breathing church. A new list of names will peace, and its soft echoes floated be made and the old book ignored. The new organization, while in favor sunmy hills. of missions, opposes all "man-made" He'n. societies. The call also says: "We AND THROAT oppose also the work of many of the a societies which raise money for the sapport of the church by giving suppers, entertainments, shows, etc. We the work without appealing to the

making the meeting of

The Fate of the Gun

A Fourth of July Incident ....

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JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER 0 0 0 0 0 (3) (6)

of the enemy. They did not know which they dreaded the more.
"My, how hot it is:" said Helm, tak-

"My, how hot it is!" said Helm, tak- ern colonel. "The last date I rememing off his cap and wiping his forehead. ber was the 14th of May, and I've lost "Yes, but if you were to stick your all track of time since then; can't catch head up above the earthwork there up to save me." you'd find it a good deal hotter," said "We're better off than you are," said

finest lock of hair, the one my sweet-heart at home used to say became me so well, and made a red streak right across the top of my head. Say, how the southern earthwork.

theim puckered up his has and either ted a low whistle of admiration. Then you succeed in going out of the Union his eyes wandered to the dismantled or whether we succeed in keeping you gun lying nidway between the lines, in, the Fourth of July was for both of its wheels shot off, its caisson smashed us, and it will still be for both of us, to pieces, but its mighty bronze barrel

It's where we both got our start, and intact and ready again for death and we can never change that, can we?"

Contracting if mounted once ware.

"It recken you're right" said, the

"It's a pity we can't get that gun," said Heim. "Put new wheels on it, give it a caisson, and it would be." "I reckon I am," said the northern than the said Heim." give it a calsson, and it would be a er, wonder,"

"There's no doubt of it," said Wiland it's bothering us Johnnies just as Fourth of July picnic of it."

These two divisions of the hearth.

These two divisions of the hostile southerner again, armies had been face to face for days, "I reckon I am," said the northerner, neither able to advance and both refus-"and, while we're about it, why not ing to retreat. Three days before one do the thing up brown and have some side had run forward a great gun in a sort of a celebration—Breworks, for in-bold attempt to break through the line stance?" of the enemy, but the gun's squad was annihilated almost instantly by the rifle fire, and the gun itself was dismounted by the shells of a sheltered battery. The victors did not dare go forth to secure the splendid gun, knowing that they fin their turn would be swept out of existence by hostile fire. So there it iay midway between them. neither side able to secure it and both oveting it with all the ardor of vet-

Helm doffed his cap and wiped his of face once more. "How the sun

hot face once more. "How the sun burns!" he repeated. "So it does," said Willard, "but I be-lieve they've gone to sleep over there in the Yankee lines."

"Gone to sleep! Gone to sleep!" ex-claimed Helm scornfully. "You just stick your head above the earthwork and the sharpshooter down there a lit-tle to the right will show you whether or not they've gone to sleep." "I've a good notion to do it," said

'See here now, Willard," exclaimed Helm. "Don't you be a fool! I know it's silly of me, but I value your worth-less life. I don't want to lose a friend. How would you know, anyway, whether they are asleep or not if you got killed? If you are bent on it, why don't you put your cap on your ramord and stick it just above the parapet?

The signals were hoisted, and in an instant. The Plain of Death" was covided to you put your cap on your ramord and stick it just above the parapet?

Then you'll see if our friend the sharpshooter isn't awake."

William Alfred Area on the same and the s

Willard lifted the cap on the famined a few inches above the earthwork, where it would look from the hostile line like a human head thrust up carelessly. Not a sound came from the northern earthwork. No rifle cracked; there was no flicker of smoke.

"They're asleep," repeated Willard, was the property there was no flicker of smoke.

"They're asleep," repeated Willard, "and I'll prove it. Here goes my real

He thrust his face above the earthstrumental music and societies in the church, and those opposed to these at such a sight the whole northern things have organized the Second carthwork would have flamed into fire carthwork would have flamed into fire with the zeal of the sharpshooters. Now the dead slience of the morning was unbroken. Not a rifle muzzle was thrust into view.

came from the northern lines. away, repeating themselves among the

"They want to talk to us!" exclaimed He'm. "I wonder what's up." The soft note of the trumpet came again, and then an officer in the uni-form of a colonel appeared on the northern earthwork, waving a white flag. A southern colonel ros near Helm and Willard to respond

believe the church should support lifted a signal to advance.

the work without appealing to the old through the lusts of the flesh. The northerner leaped down and came across the open has been the two lines. ig of tyeen the two lines that had by named "The Plain of Dea he advanced he passed the fa haired there a moment, stroke

HE sun sent down sheaves of quiringly. The northerner looked up at flery rays, and the soldiers the long row of sunburnel faces rebehind either line of earthworks sought to shelter themselves alike from the burning heat and the bullets is?" he asked.

3

.

"I know it's a mighty hot day, and that's all I do know," replied the south-ern colonel. "The last date I remem-

"We're better off than you are," said were better of than you are, said the northerner. We've got an almanan," replied Helm, "There's a fellow over there a little bit to our right an important discovery. Say, can't who never misses. He clipped off my you guess what day this is?"

"Not if my life was at stake."
"Well, it's the Fourth of July."
A low whistle ran along the line of

that fellow can shoot."

"Yes, it's the Fourth of July," reHelm puckered up his lips and emitpeated the northerner, "and, whether

"and, it being the Fourth of July and such a hot day, too, I thought we might as well skip the fighting until

"I don't know how to have fireworks unless we take to shooting at each oth er again," said the southerner grimly. the center of "The Plain of Death.

Nor are you. "Exactly. That is why I speak of the gun. A good many lives have been lost by both of us in the effort to take there, and still nobody can take it away. Now, I propose that we cram that barrel full of everything, including a good lot of powder, set a fuse and let her rip. It will be the biggest Fourth of July bomb ever set off, and fighting that can't profit either.

ply a wild cheer rose from the southern earthwork. The men had heard, and they approved. The southerner smiled. "Good enough," he said. "Let the have their fun, and we'll share it."



A WILD CHEER ROSE FROM THE SOUTHER

paring notes. Then they rolled that cannon up into the most consplenous place and stuffed its mighty throat to the very muzzle with inflammables and explosives. Helm and Willard working with the foremost.

Then the northern colonel set the fuse and the southern colonel shouted. "Scatter, boys, for your lives" and they raced toward the earthworks for shelter. The southern colonel, stand-ing erect, took off his dap, whirled around his head and shauted: "Notys, all together! Hip!



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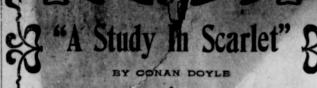
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LAWYERS

If the and their should way in a sturally ten as all not turally ten as all not turally



They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade, "if we can find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes, miling. smiling. "The cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him

step up, Wiggins."

I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though he were about to set out on a journey, since he had not said anything to me about it. There was a small pormanteau in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap. He was busily engaged at it when the cabman

'Just give me a help with this buckle. cabman," he said, kneeling over task and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a some what sullen, defiant air and put down his hands to assist. At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet

"Gentlemen." he cried, with flashing contiemen, "he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce you to Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drobber and of Joseph Stangerson."

The whole thing occurred in a moment, so quickly that I had no time to

realize it. I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes' triumphant ex-pression and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face as he glared at the glittering handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists. For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then, with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes' grasp and hurled himself through the window. Woodwork and glass gave way before him, but before he got quite through Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many staghounds. He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrific conflict. So powerful and so fierce was he that the four of us were shaken off again and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit.

His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass but loss of blood had no effect in dimin ishing his resistance. It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his neck cloth and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail, and even then we felt no security until we had pinioned his feet as well as his hands. hat done, we rose to our feet breathless

and panting.
"We have his cab," said Sherlock
Holmes. "It will serve to take him to
Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant s asant smile mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

PART TWO.

[The Country of the Saints.]

CHAPTER L

In the certral portion of the great North American continent there lies an arid and repulsive desert, which for many a long year served as a barrier against the advance of civilization. From the Sierra Nevada to Nebraska

and from the Yellowstone river in the north to the Colorado upon the south is a region of desolation and silence. Nor is nature always in one mood throughout this grim district. It com-prises snow capped and lofty mountains and dark and gloomy valleys. There are swift flowing rivers which dash through jagged canyons, and there are enormous plains which in winter are white with snow and in summer are gray with the saline alkedi dust. They all preserve,

however, the common characteristics of barrenness, inhospitality and misery. There are no inhabitants of this land of despair. A band of Pawnees or of Blackfeet may occasionally traverse it in order to reach other hunting grounds, but the hardiest of the braves are glad but the hardiest of the braves are glad to lose sight of those awesome plains and to find themselves once more upon their prairies. The coyote skulks among the scrub, the buzzard flaps heavily through the air, and the clumsy grizzly bear lumbers through the dark ravines and picks up such sustenance as it can among the rocks. These are the sole among the rocks. These dwellers in the wilderness.

In the whole world there can be no more dreary view than that from the northern slope of the Sierra Blanco. As northern slope of the Sierra Blance. As far as the eye can reach stretches the great flat plain land, all dusted over with patches of alkali and intersected by clumps of the dwarfish chaparral bushes. On the extreme verge of the horizon lie a long shain of mountain peaks, with their research with their research with the country there is the of country there is

of the street arabs, young Wiggins, introduced his insignificant and unsavery person.

That is narrily true. Looking down from the Sierra Blanco one sees a pathway traced out across the desert, which Person.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his dreleck, "I have the cab down stairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes blandly.

"Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer.

"See how beautifully the springs works.

They fasten in an instant."

They are tones. Some large and coarse. distance. It is rutted with wheels and trodden down by the feet of many adventurers. Here and there are scattered white objects which glisten in the sun and stand out against the dull deposit of alkali. Approach and examine them! They are bones. Some large and coarse, others smaller and more delicate. The former have belonged to oxen and the latter to men. For 1,500 miles one may trace this ghastly caravan route by the scattered remains of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Looking down on this very scene, there stood upon the 4th of May, 1847, a solitary traveler. His appearance was such that he might have been the very genius or demon of the region. An observer would have found it difficult to say whether he was nearer to 40 or 60. His face was lean and haggard, and the brown, parchmentlike skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head and burned with an unnatural luster, while the hand which grasped his rifle was hazdly more fleshy than that of a skeleton. As he stood, he leaned upon his weapon for support, and yet his tall figure and the massive framework of his bones suggested a wiry and vigorous constitution. His gaunt face, however, and his clothes, which hung so baggily over his shriv-eled limbs, proclaimed what it was that gave him that senile and decrepit ap-The man was dying-dying

om hunger and from thirst.

He had toiled painfully down the ravine and on to this little elevation in the vain hope of seeing some signs of water. Now the great salt plain stretched before his eyes, and the distant belt of savage mountains, without a sign anywhere of plant or tree, which might indicate the presence of moisture. In all that broad landscape there was no gleam of hope. North and east and west he looked with wild, questioning eyes, and then he realized that his wanderings that barren crag, he was about to die "Why not here as well as in a feather bed 20 years hence?" he muttered as he seated himself in the shelter of a bowlder.

Before sitting down he had deposited upon the ground his useless rifle, and also a large bundle tied up in a gray shawl, which he had carried slung over his right shoulder. It appeared to be somewhat too heavy for his strength, for, in lowering it, it came down on the ground with some little violence. Instantly there broke from the gray parcel a little moaning cry, and from it there protruded a small, scared face, with very bright brown eyes, and two speckled dimpled fists.
"You've hurt me!" said a childish

"You've hurt me,
voice repreachfully.
"Have I, though?" the man answermathematical the mathematical the man answermathematical the mathematical the mathema ed penitently. "I didn't go for to do it." As he spoke he unwrapped the gray shawl and extricated a pretty little girl of about 5 years of age, whose dainty shoes and smart pink frock, with its lit-tle linen apron, all bespoke a mother's care. The child was pale and wan, but her healthy arms and legs showed that she had suffered less than her compan-

ion. "How is it now?" he answered anxiously, for she was still rubbing the towsy golden curls which covered the back of her head.

"Kiss it and make it well," she said,

with perfect gravity, shoving the injured part up to him. "That's what mother used to do. Where's mother?" "Mother's gone. I guess you'll see her before long." "Gone, eh?" said the little girl.

"Funny she didn't say goodby. She most always did if she was just goin over to auntie's for tea, and now she's been away for three days. Say, it's awful dry, ain't it? Ain't there no water nor nothin to eat?"

"No, there ain't nothing, dearie. You'll just need to be patient awhile, and then you'll be all right. Put your and then you'll be all right. Put your hand up agin me like that, and then you'll feel better. It ain't easy to talk when your lips is like leather, but I guess I'd best let you know how the cards lie. What's that you've got?" "Pretty things! Fine things!" cried

the little girl enthusiastically, holding in two glittering fragments of mica.
"When we goes back to home, I'll give them to Brother Bob."

"You'll see prettier things than them on," said the man confidently. "You just wait a bit. I was goin to tell you. though—you remember when we the river?"

"Oh, yes."
"Well, we reckoned we'd strike another river soon, d'ye see! But there was somethin wrong, compasses or map or somethin, and it didn't turn up.

map or somethin, and it didn't turn up.
Water ran out, just except a little drop
for the likes of you, and—and"—
"And you couldn't wash yourself,"
interrupted his companion gravely, etaing up at his grimp visage.
"No, nor drink. And Mr. Bender, he
was the first to go, and then Indian
Pete, and then Mrs. McGregor, and then
Johnny Hones, and then, dearie, your
mother."
"Then mothering and these are a second or and then
"Then mothering and these are a second or and then
"Then mothering and the second or a second or a

"I guess that's about the s "Why didn't you say so berd, she said, laughing gleefully. "You gave me such a fright. Why, of course, now as long as we die we'll be with mother again."

Yes, you will, dearie. 'And you too. I'll tell her how awful good you've been. I'll bet she meets us at the door of heaven with a big pitcher of water and a lot of buckwheat cakes, hot and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of. How long will it

"I don't know-not very long." The man's eyes were fixed upon the northern horizon. In the blue vault of the heaven there appeared three little specks, which increased in size every moment, so rapidly did they approach. They speedily resolved themselves into three large brown birds, which circled over the heads of the two wanderers and then settled upon some rocks which over-looked them. They were buzzards, the vultures of the west, whose coming is the forerunner of death.

"Cocks and hens," cried the little nened forms and clapping ber hands to make them rise. "Say, did God make

'In course he did,' said the compan ion, rather startled by this unexp

He made the country down in Illinois, an he made the Missorri," the lit-tle girl continued. "I guess somebody else made the country in these parts. It's not nearly so well done. They forgot the water and the trees." the water and the trees."
"What would ye think of offering up,

the man asked diffidently.

'It ain't night yet,'' she answered. 'It don't matter. It ain't quite reg-"It don't matter. It ain't quite reg ular, but he won't mind that, you bet You say over them ones that you used to say every night in the wagon when we was on the plains.

"Why don't you say some yourself?"
the child asked, with wondering eye.
"I disremember them," he answered.
"I hain't said none since I was half the eight o' that gun. I guess it's never to late. You say them out, and I'll stand by and come in on the chornses

"Then you'll need to kneel down, and , too, '' she said, laying the shawl out for that purpose. "You've got to put your hands up like this. It makes you

your hands up like this. It makes you feel kind of good."

It was a strange sight, had there been anything but the buzzards to see it. Side by side on the narrow shawl knelt the two wanderers, the little prattling child and the reckless, hardened adventurer. Her chubby face and his haggard, angular visage were both turned up to the oudless heaven in heartfelt entreaty to that dread being with whom they were face to face, while the two voices—the one thin and clear, the other deep and harsh—united in the entreaty for mercy and forgiveness. The prayer finished, they resumed their seat in the shadow of the bowlder, until the child fell asleep, nestling upon the broad breast of her protector. He watched over her slumber for some time, but nature proved to be too strong for him. For three days and three nights he had allowed him-self neither rest nor repose. Slowly the eyelids drooped over the tired eyes, and the head sunk lower and lower upon the breast until the man's grizzled beard was mixed with the golden tresses of his

companion, and both slept the same deep and dreamless slumber.

Had the wanderer remained awake for another half hour a strange sight would have met his eyes. Far away on the extreme verge of the alkali plain there rose up a little spray of dust, very slight at first and hardly to be distinguished from the mists of the distance, but gradually growing higher and broader until it formed a solid, well defined cloud. This cloud continued to in grease in size until it became evident that it could only be raised by a great multitude of moving creatures. In more fertile spots the observer would have come to the conclusion that one of those great herds of bisons which graze upon the prairie land was approaching him. This was obviously impossible in these arid wilds. As the whirl of dust drew and whids. As the whiri of dust drew nearer to the solitary bluff upon which the two castaways were reposing the canvas covered tilts of wagons and the figures of armed horsemen began to show up through the haze, and the apparition revealed itself as being a great caravan When the head of it had reached the base of the mountains, the rear was not yet visible on the horizon. Right across the enormous plain stretched the straggling array, wagons and carts, men on horseback and men on foot, innumerable women who staggered along under burdens and children who toddled beside the wagons or peep-ed out from under the white coverings. This was evidently no ordinary party of immigrants, but rather some ple who had been compelled from stress of circumstances to seek themselves a new country. There rose through the clear air a confused clattering and rum-bling from this great mass of humanity, with the creaking of wheels and the neighing horses. Loud as it was, it was not sufficient to rouse the two tired Wayfarers above them.
At the head of the column there rode

ore or more of grave, iron faced , clad in somber, homespun ger-ts and armed with rifles. On reach-

to and aimed with rifles. On reach the base of the bluff they halted and a short council among themselves the wells are to the right, my broth side one, a hard lipped, clear an man with grizzly hair.

To the right of the Sierra Blance, hall reach the Rio Grande, "against the side of the right of of the r

"There can't be a here," said the elde peared to be in com

'Shall I go forward and Stangerson?"

"Leave your horses below, and we will wait you here," this elder answered. In a moment the young fellows had dismounted, fastened their horses and were ascending the precipitons slope which led up to the object which had excited their enricsity. They advanced rapidly and noiselessly, with the confidence and dexterity of practiced scouts. The watchers from the plain below could see them flit from rock to rock until their figures stood out against the sky line. The young man who had first given the alarm was leading them. Suddenly his followers saw him throw up his hands, as though overcome with astonishment, and on joining him they "Leave your horses below, and w tonishment, and on joining him they were affected in the same way by the sight which met their eyes.

On the little plateau which crowned the barren hill there stood a single giant bowlder, and against this bowlder there lay a tall man, long bearded and hard featured, but of an excessive thinness. His placid face and regular breathing showed that he was fast asleep. Beside him lay a little child, with her round white arms encircling his brown, sinewy neck and her golden haired head resting upon the breast of his velveteen tunic. Her rosy lips were parted, showing the regular line of snow white teeth within, and a playful smile played over her infantile features. Her plump little white legs, terminating in white socks and neat shoes, with shining buckles, offered a strange contrast to the long, shriveled members of her companion. On the ledge of rock above this strange couple there stood three solemn buzzards, who at the sight of the newcomers uttered raucous screams of disappointment and

ST. LO

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In effect April 13, 1902. SOUTH BOUND.

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Union Depot. 7:15am
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flapped sullenly away.

The cries of the foul birds awoke the two sleepers, who stared about them in bewilderment. The man staggered to his feet and looked down upon the plain which had been so desolate when sleep had overtaken him and which was now traversed by this enormous body of men and of beasts. His face assumed an expression of incredulity as he gazed, and pression of incredulity as he gazed, and he passed his bony hand over his eyes. "This is what they call delirium, I guess," he muttered. The child stood beside him, holding on to the slight of his coat, and said nothing, but looked

all around her with the wondering, questioning gaze of childhood. The rescuing party were speedily able to convince the two castaways that their appearance was no delusion. One of them seized the little girl and hoisted her upon his shoulder, while two others supported her gaunt companion and as

ed him toward the wagons "My name is John Ferrier," the wanderer explained. "Me and that lit-tle un are all that's left o' 21 people. The rest is all dead o' thirst and hunger

The rest is all dead o' thirst and nunger away down in the south."

"Is she your child?" asked some one.

"I guess she is now!" the other cried defiantly, "she's mine 'cause I saved her. No man will take her away from She's Lucy Ferrier from this day Who are you, though?" he continued, glancing with curiosity at his stalwart, sunburned rescuers. "There

stalwart, sunburned rescuers. "There seems to be a powerful lot o' ye."
"Nigh upon 10,000," said one of the young men. "We are the persecuted children of God, the chosen of the angel Mercona." Merona.

"I never heard tell on him," said lic. The ho

"I never heard tell on him," said the wanderer. "He appears to have chosen a fair crowd o' ye."
"Do not jest at that which is sacred," said the other sternly. "We are of those who believe in those sacred writings drawn in Egyptian letters on plates of beaten gold, which were handed unto the holy Joseph Smith at Palmyra. We have come from Nauvoo, in the state of Illinois, where we had founded our temple. We have come to seek a refuge from the violent man and from the godthan the one-way from the violent man and from the god-less, even though it be the heart of the first-class, good in cl free), standard sleepe

The name of Nauvoo evidently re-called recollections to John Ferrier. "I see," he said. "Ye are the Mormons."
"We are the Mormons," answered
his companions with one voice.

"And where are ye going?"
"We do not know. The hand of God
is leading us under the person of our
prophet. You must come before him. prophet. You must come before him. He shall say what is to be done with

They had reached the base of the hill by this time and were surrounded by crowds of the pilgrims, pale faced, meek looking women, strong, laughing chil-dren and anxious, earnest eyed men. Many were the cries of astonishment and of commiseration which arose from them when they perceived the youth of one of the strangers and the destitution of the other. Their escort did not halt, however, but pushed on, followed by a great crowd of Mormons, until they reached a wagon, which was conspicuous for its great size and for the gaudiness of the strangers of the strangers. ness and smartness of its appearance. Six horses were yoked to it, whereas the others were furnished with two or at

most four apiece.

Beside the driver there sould not have been many age, but whose

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